

NUMBER 44

While standing on the sidewalk in front of the Hodges House at Pontiac, a pair of well bred, high stepping black mares, with gleaming manes and tails, were approaching, attracting the attention of all. They were driven by the right Royal A. Remick, who easily captured us and persuaded us to ride behind this handsome team with him to his farm in the town of Independence, some twenty miles away. The main artery of the town and the handsome residences were soon left behind, the click of steel shoes upon the gravelled road making "quick time" music as we passed the mammoth pile of brick erected by our State in honor of the great George Washington, an immense sun, as a home and asylum for those so needing this charity. Rapidly speeding by handsome farm houses, buildings, and other ecceteras of this life, by the smooth and placid Clinton River meandering on the left, and the rolling hills of the lakes and woodlands, by Drayton Plains, and its lonesome hostility until Waterford is reached. The little hamlet of Clarkston was also passed, and the farm reached at nine p. m. Promptly as the sun appeared over the western hills, the water of the rolling hills, the sun, as the tree tops glistened in the early sun. The morning was a gorgeous one, the landscape charming, and after breakfast we got down to business. The farm is one of 340 acres of rolling land, with heavy, strong timber, some distance from the road, is a pleasant one and has been the summer house of the Remick family for many a year. The barns, carriage house, sheds and other buildings are large and ample, and arranged in a most convenient manner. For the Shorthorn have ranged in these luxuriant pastures and for years the reputation of Mr. Remick as a feeder has been known, for he has turned off many a lot of fat ones, particularly at Christmas time. He is also a breeder of the Jersey, and has two year-old and two pairs of three and two-year-olds that are maturing and ripening for those days. They will be hard to beat. Among the 44 thoroughbreds on the farm we notice the blue Beaumont 4th 31769, the 33d Duke of Airldrie 19398, out of Princess Maud 2d, by Royal Lancaster, he out of imp. Princess, by 13th Duke of Oxford (21604). As this animal has been at the head of the herd for some time, we will trace his lineage. The Duke of Oxford was bred by the Duke of Devonshire, was got by exported Lord Oxford, by imported Duke of Gloster (11832), out of Grand Duchess of Oxford by 3d Duke and Duke (16182). Lord Oxford 3d 20215 is a pure blooded English, was imported and exported to England, was got by exported 4th Duke of Thorsdale (17750), by imp. Duke of Gloster (11832). The aged females and the younger cows are fine, while a party of five yearling heifers are large and sizeable, very strong and with their udders and feet meritorious. The herd of females are good milkers, with mellow hides, and skin yellow enough to please a Jersey breeder. Mr. Remick is a horse fancier, always driving splendid roadsters, and has a number of fine stallions and breeding mares, some with colts by him and others in foal. His stallion Henry Kibbee is a dark chestnut, 15½ hands high, nine years old, sired by Western's Farnaght, dam Florence, by Clinton by Western's Farnaght, g. g. dam, Mayfly by Brown's imp. Highlander. There are several fine trotters in the stables.

Returning from this farm again to Pontiac we visited for a day the farm of J. Finman at the town of Farmington. He has for some time been in active business, but three years ago he retired to a certain extent and purchased 240 acres of slightly undulating land within the corporate limits of the city of Pontiac, and has since been engaged in the improvement, but with the ample means at his command, a mansion of Queen Anne style, quite ornate in design, elaborate in finish and complete in internal arrangements, with wide halls, spacious parlors, airy bedrooms, closets, bath-rooms, etc., was erected. At the

(Continued on eighth page.)

Horse Breeding in Russia

the feed with sweetened water, and give the animal all the green food he will eat, for six weeks, and a cure is sure."

At the National Horse Show at Dublin, Ireland, this year, there were 786 entries of horses, besides other stock. In the hunting classes 18½% to 100 per cent, and 170 to 400 carry from 13 to there were 377 entries, as against 288 last year increase of nearly 100. Of these 78 were classed as hunters capable of carrying 15 stone, 139 to carry 13½ stone. In such a lot as this it could only be expected that there were horses of all kinds, and this was the case. The average quality, however, was very high, and the high character of the Emerald Isle for good horses will be considerably enhanced by the exhibition. In some of the classes the judges found it next to impossible to decide on the merits of rival nial male, so keen was the competition.

SAYS AN authority on the horse: "In training horses the trainer always puts them in hard work to rid them of superfluous fat, and in selecting a horse for speed or endurance the muscles must be prominent and the limbs clean and fine. As it is with running horses so with the farm horse, for the quick movement and tireless energy of the lighter can be it really do more work than one which heavier though slower. The bones of a thrly ougured are so hard that glass cannot easily escape them, and, though small, they are as iron compared to wood. It requires no argument to convince one that a horse of that kind will be free from lameness, can go faster, and pull more for his weight, for he will have less to carry in himself, and the endurance and vitality is more powerful by reason of the construction of the whole frame, which is usually hard bone, heavy muscles, and large lungs, nature seemingly endeavoring to always combine these characteristics where she imparts strength and stamina."

PERCHERON HORSES. WHAT THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE SAYS.—HON. GEORGE P. LORING, Commissioner of Agriculture of the United States, having promised to meet with the Percheron Horse breeders of America at Chicago, Nov. 10-13, telegraphed as follows: "I regret exceedingly my inability to be with you. Am heartily in sympathy with your position. Physician positively forbids my leaving the house. My disappointment is greater than yours. The Percherons are recognized as a distinct breed in France, and are entitled to a Stud Book there and in this country as much as thoroughbreds, and as much as any breed of cattle to a herd book. Their introduction has greatly improved the farm and draft horses of this country, and will undoubtedly improve the large carriage and omnibus horses. I think the publication of a Stud Book in both countries will ultimately, in this case as in all others, add greatly to the future value of the breed." M. W. Dunham confines his purchases to pedigreed animals recorded in the Percheron Stud Book of France, and has purchased in France and imported to his farm at Wayne, Illinois, over 600 the past twelve months.

To show that farmers who are breeding with the expectation of getting a sensational trotter that will make the rich are working on hazardous grounds, we give the following report of the sale of standard-bred trotting stock by the Stevens Bros., of Joliet, Ill. The stock was all by the famous stallion Gen. Grant, record 2:30. Thirty-two head were sold. Some of the best sales are given below: Hazard Grant, stallion, record 2:30½; price, \$900; (the Stevens Bros. expected to realize \$500 for him.) Mambrino Grant stallion, \$380; Archie, chestnut gelding, \$100; Jonathan Grant, bay gelding, \$193; David Grant, gelding, \$183; Erickson Grant, brown gelding, \$138; Judge Grant, brown gelding, \$235; Nordinga, a pacer, \$175; Bay Henry, bay gelding, \$110; Ward Grant, roan gelding, \$138; Ned Grant, \$55; Mose Grant, bay mare, \$175, and her weanling coby by George Wilkes, \$135; Pansy and Daisy Grant, a couple of chestnut fillies, \$159 and \$160, respectively; Kate Grant, chestnut filly, \$172; (weanling colt by George Wilkes, \$95); Alia Grant, \$250, and her colt by Wilkes, \$85; Viola Grant, record 2:34, dam Lady Mott, \$200, and her weanling by Wilkes, \$80; Langtry Grant, standard bay filly, record 2:38, \$200; Florence Grant, bay filly, \$285; Kate Hazard, bay mare, record 2:30½, \$150, and her weanling colt, by Gen. Grant, \$175; Lady Erickson, black mare, by Morse Messenger, \$150, and her colt, \$80; Columbia Maid, bay mare, by Columbia Chick, \$150, and her colt by General Grant, \$127; Miss Logan, chestnut mare, by Red Buck and in foal to Gen. Grant, \$100; Bell Conlin, a pacer, breeding unknown, but very fast, sold for \$100, and her weanling for \$60; Julia Wilson, black mare, by Blue Ball, in foal to Gen. Grant, sold for \$145.

The Farm.

Soil for Sheep.

Many a shepherd who has done well with his flock in a certain locality, having become experienced in the care of sheep, is surprised to find when he moves to another place that his flock wastes and comes to grief. Such a case was recently made known to me by a friend, a well known breeder of Merinos, who left Illinois a few years ago and moved to another State where land was much cheaper and he could enlarge his business without increasing his investment. This is a tempting prospect for a shepherd no doubt, but it is full of risk; for sheep are especially dependent for their welfare upon the character of the soil upon which they are kept. This might not be apparent at first sight, but a thoughtful man might easily perceive that as the herbage upon which sheep feed has everything to do with their prosperity the nature of the soil upon which the character of the herbage necessarily depends is a prime factor in the problem of the welfare of a flock. "Experience teaches" and must teach in this respect, for one man's life and opportunities are not sufficient for him to learn all that needs to be known in regard to keeping sheep successfully. Therefore the shepherd may well study "shepherd's lore" in regard to many things appertaining to the flock, and not despise it for its ancient flavor. Old shepherds firmly believe that some localities are unfit for sheep-keeping, and avoid them because the sheep "pine" upon them. Such lands are often called "pinning" land upon this account, and sheep farmers in Scotland and England would refuse to occupy such a farm rent free. Perhaps we have in our own country no more notable instance of such condition of soil than that afforded in the comparison of the limestone bluegrass region of Kentucky and the adjoining sandstone country which stretches off to the northeast corner of that State.

For cattle, sheep and horses, the former region is perhaps the finest and most pro-

water poured in until it shows itself above the meat. There is no danger of having too much salt in packing pork. For hams and shoulders use six pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpetre, and two quarts of molasses, or five pounds of sugar for 100 pounds of meat. The meat may either be packed in this mixture, sprinklingsome of it on the bottom of the cask and between the meat and adding water until the mass is covered, or it may be rubbed on the flesh side and the meat piled up snugly together. The mixture should be divided into three quantities and rubbed in at intervals of three days. Where hams are to be kept a long time before using, two pounds more of salt to the 100 pounds should be added, with the same quantity of sugar, salt, saltpetre, etc. For curing bacon use six pounds of saltpetre and molasses as above, and rub it on the flesh side. The whole to be well smoked.

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Agricultural Items.

MR. CHEEVER, dairy authority, says the reason why not over ten per cent of the butter sent into market is good, is due to the ignorance of the best method of making.

PROF. A. J. COOK says that by pouring two gallons of hot water on a pound of tobacco, stems will answer well—we have a liquid, which, when cool, will be speedy death to lice on calves or colts.

SOME farmers find benefit from spreading dry straw over wheat fields, especially where they are much exposed to severe winds. To do the most good the straw should be spread early, so that it will be beaten down into the soil by rains and prevented from blowing away.

A STORY is circulated to the effect that a Pennsylvania farmer living in Montgomery County, cut three sheaves of wheat during the late harvest, threshed and cleaned the grain, which was ground into flour, then baked into cakes and eaten by the harvest hands within a quarter of an hour of the time the grain was standing in the field.

"A Live Stockman," says in the New York Tribune: "A noted Jersey herd, collected at a cost of over \$100,000, was sold not long ago. It was said sixty cows produced only eleven live calves and some failed to breed at all. And when one asked the reason the knowing ones whispered with protruded chin, 'silage.'"

THE Germantown Telegraph advises farmers to tackle the Canadian thistle the moment it is seen on their farms. If cut close to the ground and the hollows of the stalks filled with salt just before a rain they will disappear. Afterward dig or plow the ground over thoroughly, removing every piece of stalk and root, since a bit no larger than a finger nail may produce a plant.

THE Country Gentleman contradicts the statement which has been going the rounds of the press, giving the value of the poultry products of the United States at \$560,000,000, while the value of the wheat crop is put at \$488,000,000, and gives revised and far more relatively correct figures showing the actual value is in the neighborhood of \$82,000,000, or about one-seventh the figures quoted.

THE Elmira Farmer Club objects strenuously to the very common plan of sprinkling meal upon food that animals would otherwise reject, because it has a tendency to make them take into their stomachs valueless matter to occupy the place of that which should in digestion yield nutrition. The members express the opinion that the instinct of an animal might be regarded as a guide in selecting food, and this dependence would certainly be safer in the use of coarse fodder, if no artificial means were employed to deceive, as in sprinkling meal upon the coarse butts of corn stalks.

F. D. CURTIS says, in the New York Tribune, that the food for swine should be soured. It is true, he says, that hogs will fatten on corn, either shelled or on the ear, but it is equally true that less corn would make more pork if it was ground and fermented to suit the taste. The degree of fermentation is simply sour. This condition seems to be just right in regard to taste and the enlargement of the particles of meal. When allowed to ferment beyond this, rye as well as other foods will cause scours. When hogs are fed clear rye ground upon meal freshly wetted, they will soon lose appetite and sometimes grow poorer instead of fatter. It affects their blood and makes their skin rough and itchy.

The Poultry Yard.

How Eggs are Preserved.

Limed eggs are a standard article of merchandise during the winter season. Hens cannot be induced to lay eggs numerously in winter. Cold arrests their productive powers, and no amount of forcing will enable them to overcome their natural disinclination for the nest in the depth of winter to any large extent. The profits of the egg business then fall to those who have had the fore-sight to purchase eggs in the summer, when they are cheap, and keep them over until winter, and sell them when they are very dear. They are preserved during this interval by a process known as "liming," and limed eggs are regularly quoted in the market at but two or three cents below the price of fresh-laid eggs. The liming process is very simple. It is as follows: Fresh stone-lime is slaked and diluted with water to a thin, whitish liquid. The lime-water is put into vats made of brick in a cool place, and the lime settles down to the bottom and leaves a clear solution on the top. The eggs, taken perfectly fresh, are put into wire gauze scoops and are let carefully down into the bottom of the vats and turned up. This is continued until the vats are filled. A sheet of cotton cloth is then spread over the vats, resting upon the eggs, and this is covered with the thick semi-lime liquid paste which settles from the lime solution. This is kept covered with water as evaporation reduces the liquid in the vat. In this way the eggs are preserved in the best manner for several months. When the eggs are to be disposed of, the cover is removed and the eggs are gathered up carefully with the scoop and lifted into a basket or crate set over a sink or large tub on two cross-pieces. When the receptacle is filled, water is poured on the eggs freely, and traces of lime washed away. The eggs are then left to drain and dry, when they are ready to be packed for shipment. The

same kind of process may be made use of, in a small way, to preserve eggs for domestic use. There are several modifications of the process made by adding salt cream of tartar, saltpetre, borax, and other substances, but these do not add to the efficacy of the lime, which really preserves the eggs by sealing the pores of the shell by a deposit of carbonate of lime and so preventing decay.—*Toronto Mail.*

Laying In October.

We know of a breeder who keeps a flock of pure White Leghorns, and although the breed is not famous for winter laying, yet he has secured, since the first of last January to the first of October, nearly twelve dozen eggs from each flock, the best records being in the months of January, February, and March (three very cold months). His hens are no better than those of his neighbors, but he feeds foreggs. He has always managed to get plenty of eggs in winter, even when eggs were scarce, and his secret is only that which we have made known many times here. It is to allow plenty of meat, vegetables, and pounded bones, with warm quarters, which should be kept clean. He once received sixty cents a dozen for eggs, during a season when they were scarce, and stated that he found a profit in feeding his hens at that time on chopped beef at twenty cents a pound. While we would not advise such expensive food, yet we are satisfied that a cheaper form of meat would more than repay its cost when fed to poultry in winter. It should be accompanied, however, with other food of a desirable quality, and as every condition must be good, strict attention should be given to all the details.—*Farm and Garden.*

An exchange says: "A bushel of corn will make perhaps four to six pounds of pork; but the same amount of grain will winter a hen, and her eggs and chickens will be worth three, or ten times as much as the pork. Poultry is probably the only class of stock from which profit can be had, feeding only on purchased food." This fact makes the raising of poultry a occupation for women and those who can not engage in other business on account of poor health, etc. They can, on a very small plot of ground, by purchasing their feed, keep sufficient poultry to make a respectable living.

Where Others Fail.

The merits of ATHLOPHOROS as a specific for Rheumatism and Neuralgia are best proved by the fact that it cures when other treatment fails. Says Mr. G. G. Thompson, of New Haven: "For twelve years I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Neuralgia, which attacked me suddenly without warning, destroying all hope of sleep and rest. I have tried hundreds of remedies. With the exception of ATHLOPHOROS not one of them afforded me the slightest benefit. It has done me more good than all the other remedies combined."

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4:00	8:45	St. Ignace	5:30
5:00	9:45	Sney	6:30
6:00	10:45	McMillan	7:30
7:00	11:45	St. Ignace	8:30
8:00	12:45	Newberry	9:30
9:00	1:45	St. Ignace	10:30
10:00	2:45	St. Ignace	11:30
11:00	3:45	Bay City	12:30
12:00	4:45	Port Huron	1:30
1:00	5:45	St. Ignace	2:30
2:00	6:45	Lansing	3:30
3:00	7:45	Jackson	4:30
4:00	8:45	St. Ignace	5:30
5:00	9:45	St. Ignace	6:30
6:00	10:45	St. Ignace	7:30
7:00	11:45	St. Ignace	8:30
8:00	12:45	St. Ignace	9:30
9:00	1:45	St. Ignace	10:30
10:00	2:45	St. Ignace	11:30
11:00	3:45	St. Ignace	12:30
12:00	4:45	St. Ignace	1:30
1:00	5:45	St. Ignace	2:30
2:00	6:45	St. Ignace	3:30
3:00	7:45	St.	

France proposes to fix a duty of five francs per 100 kilograms on foreign corn.

A reinforcement of 12,000 men will be drawn from Algeria and sent to Tonquin under the command of Gen. Brice.

M. Daumas, connected with the municipal government of Marseilles, has fled with \$4,000 collected for the relief of the cholera sufferers.

George Otto Trevelyan has resigned the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M. P. for Sterling, has been appointed his successor.

The iron and steel works of Crawshaw Bros., at Merthyr Tydvil, in South Wales, are about to close. Stagnation in the Welsh iron and steel trades is causing widespread dismay.

The National members of Parliament are preparing for a vigorous overhauling of the Irish administration for allowing ex-Secretary Corbett to escape punishment for alleged scandalous crimes and for hanging innocent men for the Maamtrasna murder.

The British warship Lord Nelson has arrived at New Guinea, and the commodore has proclaimed a pretense over the southern coast of that island to the eastward of the 141st meridian of east longitude. The protectorate also includes the islands adjacent to Southern New Guinea.

A Fruit Tree Wash.

For the past twenty years, writes William Saunders to the New York World, I have used a mixture of lime and sulphur as a wash for the prevention and destruction of fungoid growths on all kinds of fruit trees, and with decidedly beneficial effects. It is now well ascertained that many of the diseases of both vegetable and animal are due to fungoid growths, and sulphur is the best known and one of the most potent antidotes for the mycelium and scores of microscopic fungi, and the most practicable mode of using it is as an ingredient in the ordinary lime wash, applied to fences and external woodwork. As a sanitary auxiliary in cities its employment will become general as its use becomes known. If every fence, tree-box, out-building or rough wooden structure in this city could at once receive a coating of this wash, it would greatly check the spread of malarial disorders. It is not costly, and the sulphur imparts additional adhesive qualities to the mixture.

The wash is prepared by placing half a bushel of fresh burned lime and eight pounds of powdered sulphur in a tight barrel, slaking the lime with nearly boiling water, the mouth of the barrel being covered with a cloth. When cool it is ready for use as ordinary whitewash.

Little boy (at the front door)—"Is the dog to be?" "Cause if he is I want to see him right away." "Servant—" "He's not in." "Little boy—" "Well, just as soon as he gets home you tell him to come over to our house and take the dog. He's left there last week. It's in the way."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

HIGH-BRED SHORTHORN BULLS

For Sale.

Your young bulls, all sired by Lord Kirkcubright of Erie 4182, red and white in color, with pedigrees of dams tracing straight to the best of well-known English breeders. Terms reasonable. Address C. F. MOORE, 2814

BERKSHIRES!

We have some young Berkshire hogs offered for service this season, and some of said pigs that will be sold at a moderate price if called for. Stock eligible to record. Also a few light Brahma chickens. Address C. F. MOORE, 2814

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.

The subscriber wishing to reduce his herd of Shorthorns will sell for the next six days bulls, cows and heifers at prices which cannot fail to suit purchasers. Address communications to N. A. CLAPP, MILFORD, Mich.

THOMMEDIEU & HILL,

37 Woodbridge St., West, Detroit.

Seeds, Produce & Commission.

Clover Seed, Beans, Eggs, Choice Butter and Poultry Wanted.

Auction Sale of Merino Sheep

The undersigned will sell at public auction on Thursday, Oct. 30th, at 12 m., two miles south of Tecumseh, Mich., 100 Fine Merino Sheep, pure bred, registered, including a few of rams. Terms cash on day of sale.

Shorthorn Bulls For Sale.

Sired by Grand Duke of Fairview 29720, and Lord Barrington 11882, sired by Lord of Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Elizabeth, Port Charles and Rose of Sharon cows. Also a few cows and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution.

WM. CURTIS & SONS, 2814

Address: Leavenworth, Mich.

Milk Fever in Cows.

PROF. R. JENNINGS & SON'S

BOVINE PANACEA

The only safe cure for Milk Fever in cows. It is also a tonic for all diseases of a febrile character in cattle, when given as directed. Sold by druggists. Price, \$1.00 per package; 50 doses.

PROF. R. JENNINGS'

E-vinco Liniment.

The champion Embroiderer for Men and Boys. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents. Prepared only by VETERINARY SURGEON, 501 St. Clair, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED. Ladies and Gentlemen in town or country, distance, no objection, can have their work done at their own homes all the year around. Work sent by mail. Address OAKLAND MANUFACTURING CO., Box 2222, Boston, Mass.

OUR ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL. A full and complete history of the Polana China hog sent free on application. Stock of all ages and conditions for sale. Address J. C. STEWART, Newark, Ohio.



The above Scale, which will weigh from a quarter of an ounce to 240 lbs., will be sent to any address for \$5.00, and the "Farmer" sent one year also. You can have the scale sent to one address and the "Farmer" to another if desired. The "Farmer" is \$1.50 per year, making the scale cost you just \$3.50.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

No further evidence is needed of the UNUSUAL CARE with which our stock has been selected than the fact that HUNDREDS of animals imported and sold by us during a career of ten years, every one of which we have critical inspection of our stock and careful comparison with that of any other establishment.

PAUCITY OF THE STOCK! Visitors welcome! Correspondence solicited! Circulars free! Mention MICHIGAN FARMER. Address: POWELL BROS., 2814

LEONARD'S PATENT SPECIE PACKET.

FOR SENDING COINS SECURELY BY MAIL. Holding any fraction of a dollar; coins can't lose out; sit in any envelope. Wanted in every house. Send for sample down post-paid.

C. H. LEONARD, 30 Miami Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AUTUMN CATALOGUE OF

DUTCH BULBS,

WINTER WHEATS,

Seeds for Fall Planting

Sent FREE to All Applicants.

Address **D. M. FERRY & CO**

DETROIT, MICH.

YOUNG MEN

Can get good situations by learning Telegraphy at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Business

College. Send for Journal.

W. F. PARSONS, Pres't.

AMERICAN

Fruit Evaporator!

A fine selection comprising over 100 head of my own breeding and from my importation of 1882 and 1883. A specialty of young pairs not related for foundation stock. I use both the "Holstein" and "Dutch Friesian" Herd Book registries, so that buyers can get the registry preferred by them. A fine lot of yearling heifers and two-year-old cows to my price reported by the "Horn" and "Herald" and "Prize Medal" due to call in January, February, March, April and May, 1885. These bulls are unexcelled, their appearance indicates it, their get proves it.

My farm is located at the north line of the City. Visitors always welcome. For catalogue and price, attention to correspondence. Write for catalogue and price.

M. L. SWEET,

Breeder and Importer, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FLOCK OF THOROUGHBRED MERINOS FOR SALE.

In order to divide properly interests our entire flock of thoroughbred registered Merino sheep is offered for sale. The flock consists of 100 head of pure bred Merino sheep, blood of the Butlers, Corvins, Sambos, and U. S. 1195 stock, all are recorded or eligible to registry in Ohio Polana China Record. Parties desiring stock can be supplied at reasonable prices. Call on or address

GILSON HERRON, Box 300

Constantine, St. Jo. Co., Mich.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.

Three young bulls fit for service, well bred and good individual animals. Also some choice heifers. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Address **L. K. BEACH, Howell, Mich.**

Dutch Friesians (Holsteins) For Sale.

I will sell two or three choice imported heifers two years old, soon due to calve. Cattle at Leavenworth, Mich. Address **J. H. BUTTERFIELD, Jr., 2814**

Shorthorn Bulls For Sale.

Four Shorthorn bulls, one three years old and the balance fit for service in the spring, are offered at reasonable prices. Pedigrees and particulars promptly sent on application. Address **JOSEPH SHIELDS, Mott, Mich.**

TWO FRUIT FARMS.

I will sell one of the two best paying fruit farms in the State. I also offer for sale plants and trees of old and new varieties of fruits at bottom prices. Address **J. N. STEARNS, 2814**

DIRECTORY

— OF —

Michigan Breeders.

CATTLE.—Shorthorns.

A. CHANDLER, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire, sheep and Essex, swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome.

A. D. GARGO, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. my15-6m

A. ANDREWS, Maple Valley Stock Farm, Leavenworth Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns of good families. Also agent for the Celebrated Champion Creamer.

A. P. COOK, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families represented. Bull Major Craggs at head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. 2814

S. BROOKS, Wilcox, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, families represented: Oxford Greywines, Phyllis, Pomona, Bull Duchess, Bonnie Lass, etc. 2814

BENJ. F. BATHURER, Ocola Center, Leavenworth Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd consists of Young Marys and other well bred stock. Young bulls and heifers for sale. 2814

CHARLES F. MOORE, breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle. St. Clair, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly attended to.

CHARLES FISKEBEE, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Lady Elizabeth, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victoria, Stapleton Lass, Sellas and Bright Eyes families. Young stock for sale. June-15

CHUBBARD & SON, Bennington, Shawansee Co., breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire swine and Merino sheep. All stock recorded. Stock for sale.

C. R. BACKUS, Springdale Stock Farm, Leavenworth Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Lord of Young Marys and other well bred stock. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 2814

S. BROOKS, Brighton, Mich., breeder of registered Shorthorns of leading families—Pomona, Duchess, Bonnie Lass, etc. Also Sheep and Poland China Swine. Young stock for sale. 2814

DAVID F. WILCOX, Forest Hill Stock Farm, Leavenworth Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Improved farm of 300 acres, with good buildings for sale. Postoffice address: Rye, Clinton Co. 2814

F. P. KELSEY, Clay Ridge Farm, Ionia, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd consists of pure bred stock. Young bulls and heifers for sale. We feel safe in saying that no other establishment in America can approach such a showing for the length of time and the large number of animals.

No careful and judicious person will fail to consider this important fact in making his purchases. We invite critical inspection of our stock and careful comparison with that of any other establishment.

PAUCITY OF THE STOCK! Visitors welcome! Correspondence solicited! Circulars free! Mention MICHIGAN FARMER. Address: POWELL BROS., 2814

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Wayne Co. Du Page Co., Illinois.

HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

Purebred Merino valued at \$5,000,000, which includes

75 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES

Whose purity of blood established by their pedigrees recorded in the 812 BOOK OF RECORD.

EVER IMPORTED TO AMERICA.

STOCK ON HAND:

150

Imported Bred Horses

250

Imported Stallions

100 COLTS

Two years old and younger.

Recognizing the principle of selection by intelligent breeders, that the best blood should be secured, we have selected the best of the French and English blood, and we feel safe in saying that no other establishment in America can approach such a showing for the length of time and the large number of animals.

PAUCITY OF THE STOCK! Visitors welcome! Correspondence solicited! Circulars free! Mention MICHIGAN FARMER. Address: POWELL BROS., 2814

JAMES D. BOTSFOED, Ocola Center, Leavenworth Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, registered and grade Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 2814

JAMES MOORE, Milford, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Lord of Young Marys and other well bred stock. Stock for sale. 2814

JOHN GOOD, Richfield, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Improved farm of 140 acres in herd. Stock for sale.

J. E. FISK & SON, Johnston, Barry County, Mich., breeders of Shorthorn cattle, registered American Merino sheep, and Poland-China swine. Also Plymouth Rock chickens. P. O. Bedford, Calhoun Co., Mich. Correspondence invited.

J. LESSITER, Jersey, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire and Southdown Sheep. Stock for sale.

JOHN F. DREW, Jackson, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Residence seven miles north on Grand River.

JOHN JOY, Atlas, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns of good families. Young stock for sale. 2814

JOHN MCKAY, Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and heifers for sale. Write for prices. 2814

JOSEPH SKES, North Plains Stock Farm, Leavenworth Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Fashionable families and color (red); stock for sale; correspondence solicited. 2814

JOHN THORNBURN & SON, Ridgeway Stock Farm, Holt, Ingham Co., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorns (pure Princess) 7th Duke of Cambridge 4182 at head, also pure bred shire swine. 2814

J. T. PACEY, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Leavenworth Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale.

KELLEY & FLINT, Kelley's Corners, Leavenworth Co., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Lady Elizabeth, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victoria, Stapleton Lass, Sellas and Bright Eyes families. etc. Airline Belle Duke 34 1044 at head. Stock for sale. 2814

L. BROOKS, Nov, Oakland Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and Jersey Red swine. Stock for sale. 2814

L. OLMSTED, Burr Oak Farm, Mott, Leavenworth Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Correspondence solicited. 2814

LUTHER H. JOHNSON, Alpine Stock Farm, Grand Rapids, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock from good families for sale. Correspondence solicited. 2814

M. DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Leavenworth County, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some young bulls. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

WM. WHITFIELD & SONS, Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., breeders of thoroughbred registered Shorthorn cattle and Hampshire sheep. Stock for sale. 2814

Dutch-Friesians or Holsteins.

UNDERWOOD, Addison, breeder and dealer in Holstein cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

CLARENCE V. SEELEY, North Farmington, Oakland Co., breeder of Dutch Friesians from imported stock. Herd Books of color and for sale. 2814

CHAS. F. GILLMAN, "Pendell Stock Farm" Pawama. Breeder and dealer in thoroughbred Holstein cattle and Merino Sheep. 2814

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R. PHILLIPS, Bay City, breeder and importer of Dutch-Friesian cattle. Correspondence solicited. Intending purchasers invited to call and inspect stock.

J. M. STERLING, Monroe, breeder of pure Dutch-Friesian cattle and registered Merino Sheep. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

M. L. SWEET, Holly Bank Stock Farm, Grand Rapids Mich., importer and breeder of thoroughbred registered Holstein (Dutch-Friesian) cattle, Cheviot sheep, and registered Merino Sheep. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

ODEN COLE, Rollin, Leavenworth Co., breeder of pure Holsteins of best milking strains from imported stock. Onderdonk 1368 at head. Young bulls and heifers for sale. 2814

ROWLEY & PHILLIPS, Orchard Side Farm, Leavenworth Co., breeders of registered Dutch Friesian cattle. P. O. address either Utica or Mt. Clemens, Macomb Co., Mich. 2814

G. WASHBURN, Litchfield, Hilldale Co., breeder of and dealer in thoroughbred and imported Holstein cattle. First-class stock for sale. 2814

K. SEXTON, Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Stock farm, three miles south.

BATES & MARTIN, Grand River Herd of Jersey, Old Noble and Albert 44 families. Choice young stock for sale. Herd of 150 pure bred animals. Size, form and density of stock specially. 2814

H. R. KINGMAN, Battle Creek, breeder of Clover Lawn herd of Jersey cattle. Comparing animals of the choicest Irish and American strains, selected as milkers and rich cream and butter producers. 2814

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W. J. DEAN, Oaklawn Herd, Hanover, Mich., stock of the Alpha and other noted strains for sale. All stock in the American Jersey Cattle Club Registry. Prices very reasonable for quality of stock. Farm, 4 mile east of village.

Herefords.

BROOK FARM HEREFORDS. David Clark, Proprietor, Leaper. Correspondence solicited. 2814

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place, Pontiac, Oakland County, breeder of pure bred Hereford cattle of best known strains of blood. Stock for sale. 2814

H. M. WATSON, Maple Grove, Okemos, Ingham Co., breeder of Fowlsey of sixteen different strains; also Herefords and Shorthorns; also two standard trotting stallions in stud. Write for catalogue. 2814

RYERDALE STOCK FARM, Metamora, Leavenworth Co., breeder of registered Merino sheep and Berkshire swine. All stock registered. Correspondence solicited. Address Geo. Stone, Mgr. 2814

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, Flint, Genesee Co., breeder of Hereford cattle, registered Merino sheep, and Shropshire and Berkshire swine. Stock for sale. 2814

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Poetry

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
Watching the sunset western sky;
What sees he in the blue depth there,
Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
Radiant with voices of sweet attire,
Singing with voices of sweet attire
The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud
That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
And a hand that beckons him afar.
O cheek of roses and hair of gold!
O eyes of heaven's divinest mold—
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold—
But love is infinite, love is true;
He will find her—yes, it must be soon;
They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
Is driving athwart its troubled face,
The golden mist is a trail of gourd,
It is cold and bleak in the garden place,
The old man smiles and drops his head,
The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow,
The sunset radiance has appeared
O'er every wasted feature now;
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
He had found the Land of the Afternoon.

PLOWING.

I like to watch before the plow
The grass a tumbling over;
The big and little have to bow,
The plow, grass and the clover.

A plow reminds me, then, of Time,
Does't other folks, I wonder?
There goes a violet in its prime—
I hate to turn them under.

But when above the buried weeds
The yellow wheat is waving,
"Twirl touch that buried years and deeds
Still live, if worth the savor."

I've sometimes thought if we would range
Our daily walk with Nature,
Our lives with things that at ever change,
We'd draw our farrer straighter.

—Dakota Farmer.

Miscellaneous.

THE PETERS FARM.

"Well," exclaimed Farmer Williams as he entered the kitchen one bright cold morning in January, "Joey Stockbridge has bought the Peters farm."

"You don't say so," said his wife, setting down the pie plate she was preparing to fill and turning a rosy, astonished face to her husband, "when will wonders cease?"

"Not in our day," said the good natured farmer, glancing at his daughter, who sat at the window with her pretty head bent over her task of paring apples. "Hey, Phebe, aren't you astonished as well?"

"Of course I am," answered Phebe, demurely lifting to him a face as rosy as her mother's. Then she added, "Why shouldn't I be?"

The Peters farm was one of the best and oldest in Hanover. It had passed down from one generation to another, and had now passed out of the Peters name. The old house upon it had withstood the hand of time wonderfully well, having been kept in good repair by past generations. Its lean-to had never been changed. Its many angles and corners had not been repaired away, and should one throw a dormer window out here, build an alcove there and a little balcony in another place, it would be quite in Queen Anne style. The hall went clear through the house, and on each side were large rooms rich in paneled ceilings, fluted pilasters and carved cornices. In two of the lower rooms, and two of the upper ones were open fireplaces, where sparkling fires spoke of comfort and plenty when the holidays filled the old house with gay company. Four generations had been born, brought up and passed away from the pleasant place, and young Paul Peters represented the fifth. Why he should sell the home of his fathers may puzzle my readers; but let me tell you—it was only because he did not love farming.

Joey Stockbridge, the fortunate buyer, was a lone man. No father or mother, no brother or sister accompanied him along the walk of life. He had come from a far distant town when a mere lad, in pursuit of work which he of course found, as does every one when eager in the pursuit. The good people of Hanover had learned to respect the young man for his earnest, straight-forward manner of life, and when he bought the Peters farm he was carried to the topmost wave of public appreciation.

Phebe Williams, Farmer Williams' only daughter, had no lack of admirers and counted Paul Peters and Joey Stockbridge among them. Not that I would give you to understand that she did actually count her lovers off on her fingers as she stopped to think about them, but whenever she graced any public entertainment by her pretty presence a line of young men stood ready to see that she reached in safety to her father's door. Thus far she had shown no preference, but demurely accepted the company of the first one who had the courage to address her. In the enjoyment of perfect health, fair of face and slight of form, dressed neatly and plainly, not frilled and furbelowed in the extreme of fashion, she was a treasure to the farmer and his comely wife.

Joey Stockbridge was of handsome build and handsome face, and so was Paul Peters, and in her heart of hearts the fair Phebe looked upon these two young men with more favor than upon any of her numerous admirers, and she was really very much surprised when told that Paul had sold the nice old house and well-cultivated farm. She had many a time allowed him to walk by her side from the hall where all the extra gatherings were held, and had listened with quiet pleasure to the sound of his mellow voice, but he had never intimated to her his dislike of farming, while Joey Stockbridge, when favored by her attention, had often allowed her an insight into his inmost soul, where were longings for a farm too strong to be hidden. It must be acknowledged

her heart beat just a trifle quicker as she thought, "Well, he has got a farm, and I wish him success," which was what her father was saying when she became conscious of his presence and words.

"Yes, so do I," said Mrs. Williams, "but a farm is curious property for a man with no woman to help him out."

"Oh, he has found a farm, and he can find a woman as well," said the jolly farmer, laughing and rubbing his hands with delight rather than cold.

Spring had come; the bluebird sounded his joyful note in the branches of the old elm by the door, and the robin hurried by, hunting for a place to build his nest and oversee the ripening of the cherries. Paul Peters had put at interest the money he got for his farm, and had gone to board at the village hotel. Having no trade, he for a while found nothing to do, but being naturally an energetic man he soon got a chance to drive a grocery wagon, and with his disposition he would of course succeed in whatever he undertook, and always found something to do.

Meanwhile Joey took possession of his lonely house, bought just things enough to be comfortable, hired a middle-aged man to help on the land and a woman of the same age to attend to household affairs, and went to farming. His hands grew rough and brown, his face took on the same hue and he looked, as he was, every inch a farmer. His heart was in his work, and he, too, would succeed.

Paul's hands grew soft and white, but his face retained the same old healthful glow, found in his boyhood on the farm. Joey plowed and harrowed, planted and sowed with heroic will, and patiently waited to see what the harvest should be. The rains of springtime fell, the sun of summer scorched, the frosts of autumn arrived, but still he toiled on, and winter found him well satisfied with the result of his labor. To such a disposition at his, it was a pleasure to dig in the earth, to smell the fragrance of the newly plowed field, to revel in the perfume of the new-mown hay, to watch the flowers as they timidly peeped forth to see if everything was ready for their appearance, and to listen in the early morn to the song of the birds, the lowing of cattle, and the thousand and one sounds one hears nowhere else but in the stillness of a morning on a farm.

During this trial year Joey had not allowed his thoughts to wander often from his work, but sometimes he would wonder if the pretty Phebe could ever be persuaded to share the joys and sorrows of a farmer's life. Not so with Paul. As his hands grew white and soft, and his money added interest to principal, he thought: "I will soon ask the pretty Phebe to be mine, as she is the fairest and best girl in all the town of Hanover," and his heart swelled within him and his step grew grand as he thought, "I have only to ask her and she will be mine."

A year passed by. The bluebird had again sounded his spring note, the robin had again built his nest close by the cherry trees, and the smell of field soil turned by the plow to let the warm sun into the cold earth was once more the joy of Joey Stockbridge.

Mrs. Williams and Phebe often went to the "Peters farm," as it was still called, to see the housekeeper, Mrs. Harvey, who was a nice, sociable woman, and a famous butter-maker. So one day she said to Phebe: "We will get through our work early, and go over and see Mrs. Harvey after dinner." Phebe assented with pleasure, and as soon as convenient in the afternoon they started. The leaves were of a tender green, the sun shone warm and bright, the birds twittered and sang over their heads as Phebe and her mother walked briskly on, for farmers' wives and daughters do not go sauntering along as though each step were almost too much of an exertion to be made.

They found Mrs. Harvey just packing some of her famous butter for market, while Joey was harnessing the horse ready to carry it, and, nice, hard, yellow butter it was.

"Ah! my child," said Mrs. Williams, turning to Phebe enthusiastically, "there is something to be proud of doing."

"Yes," said the girl laughingly. "I would rather have the name of making nice butter than of doing the best fancy work in the world."

"Right, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Harvey, "anybody can do fancy work but, alas, there are but few that can or will make nice butter."

Just then Joey came in, and seeing the ladies looking with admiring eyes upon the product of his farm, he blushed with pleasure, and after a few words was off to town.

The afternoon sped on, and as the ladies were thinking they must leave for home, Joey returned. Having disposed of his butter in a way perfectly satisfactory to his mind and purse, he felt in good spirits and not as shy as sometimes, and astonished the elder ladies by asking Phebe if she would like to see the lambs and chickens.

As she went from the poultry-house to barn, admiring the little downy chicks and then the awkward lambs, he admired her, and forgetting that "faint heart" he won fair lady, wondered if the time would ever come when he should dare to ask her to become the mistress of his home. They found one lamb, small, weak and cold, and the strong man took it in his arms and cuddled and warmed it in his arms as he took it down to the house for Mrs. Harvey to nurse by the open fire. Phebe could but notice the tenderness he manifested for the poor little thing, and went home in an unusually thoughtful mood for her.

Youth sleeps well, but that night Phebe was thinking. That little cold lamb was present in her mind. She thought how noble Joey looked with it in his arms. She thought the Peters farm much improved, and wondered if she ever could make such butter as did Mrs. Harvey. When at last she slept, she dreamed of lambs and chickens, walking among flocks of golden butter!

There was an entertainment at the hall the evening of the day after her restless night, and Phebe was there, and so were Paul and Joey. Phebe was surprised to and herself comparing them. Paul was the fortunate one that evening, and when

he had her plump hand upon his arm and heard her little feet pattering along by his side, his heart beat fast and he said to himself, "I must seal my fate this very night."

He very willingly accepted her quiet invitation to come in, and as they sat cozily by the little fire that the cool evenings made very comfortable he could not resist the temptation to ask her to be his. The color all fled from her face, and she looked at him with astonishment in her eyes. "Oh, Paul," she said at last, "I must have time to think; it is so sudden, so unexpected."

Her very coyness made him the more eager, and he pressed his suit as only ardent lovers do. But she begged him to give her time, and he reluctantly complied and left her to her thoughts.

As she stood by the mirror in her own room, unbound her luxuriant hair and let it slip slowly through her fingers, she thought, not of her hair, nor yet of her looks, but of what Paul had just said to her, and of what answer she should give him, and she blushed as she caught herself again comparing Paul with the noble young farmer. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she asked at herself in entreaty. "I do not love him; indeed, I do not. I cannot promise to be his."

Then she remembered the young farmer again, and thought how often he had told her his plans, and blushed again as she wondered if he cared for her, and what he would say could he know that Paul had made her the grandest offer man can make to woman, that of a true and loving heart.

She passed another restless night, but with the breaking of the dawn came peace. For her mind was fully made up. Her answer to Paul must be No—however hard for her to give or Paul to receive.

Paul came in a few days, radiant and joyful, as he could imagine only one answer; but to his consternation he was refused by the demure little Phebe Williams, the farmer's daughter. She told him she would ever be his friend, but she had searched her heart and found in it no love for him. He was too deeply wounded to lament, and too much of a gentleman to be angry, and they parted friends.

The summer passed, the cold winds of autumn shook the withered leaves from the forest trees, the birds had hied them to a warmer clime, the crops were all in, the apples gathered and the fall work well brought up, but Joey had said nothing to Phebe Williams, although her rejection of Paul had left the field clear for him.

Early in November Mrs. Harvey decided to have an "apple bee." There had been an immense crop of apples from the trees of the Peters farm. The crops had been a remarkably good in fact, and the removal of anything from that farm was great, and the thrifty housekeeper thought she would try and save some of the apples by making them into apple butter and selling it. All the young people of Hanover were there, and with plenty of young apple bee must go, all went merry as a ring of bells in fun rolling.

The apples were finished in due season and piled in tubs waiting for their bath in rich sweet cider on the morrow, and the tables were all set for supper. Fair Phebe had been more bewitching than ever, and many a heart beat faster under its jacket of broadcloth for her presence.

The girls had all been into the sink room to wash their hands and fix their hair, and had all fluttered back into the dining-room but Phebe. Coming from the sinkroom last, she stopped before the kitchen, and in one moment was lost in thought. Joey coming out from the dining-room, then, saw her standing there, her plump hands clasped before her, the warm light from the blazing fire over her, changing her brown hair to golden, and lighting up her face to more than common beauty. He stepped to her side, and, without giving himself time to be afraid, whispered:

"O Phebe! Would I might find you standing thus, by my fire, each evening. Did the girl turn pale? Ah no, a glow born not of firelight alone came over her face, and a look came into her eyes, as she lifted them for a moment to Joey's, that spoke more eloquently than words, and when they had sought the fire again he had his answer."

In a few months the Peters farm had another mistress, although Mrs. Harvey remained long after Phebe became mistress of the farm.

Years have now passed away. Peace and plenty have taken up their abode with the noble farmer and his fair wife, who tend chickens, and nurse lambs with great success. Of course they have had their trials, as do farmers all. Late springs, cold summers, early frosts, too much rain or too little have been their lot as well as that of others, but they still toil on, trusting to the blessed promise, "Seed-time and harvest shall never fail." Mrs. Stockbridge can now make as good butter as could Mrs. Harvey, and is as proud of it as she once thought she should be.

Paul Peters and his young wife often visit the farm, and may be found romping with little Paul Stockbridge, who will come in for a share of Paul Peters' farm money which is still on interest.—S. B. Sawyer, in the Homestead.

Her Modest Request.

Ice cream worked its delicate result the other night. He had taken her to the opera and filled her full of Italian music. He had done the sweet and pretty, and had not even kept his actual appointments with men outside in the pauses of the piece, and, last of all, he took her to the ice creamery. One would have imagined that something more earnest in character than ice cream would have been required after a dose of tragic opera, but no, the simple frost was good enough for her. Over the dainty dishes they grew fond. They had just admired a handsome turn-out at the theatre door.

"When I get married I mean to have just such a turnout for my wife."

She gave a gentle sigh, and as the last faint sweetness of a big spoonful of cream thrilled her young and sympathetic palate, she threw into her eyes a beaming glance and whispered:

"Give me the first ride in it!"

No cards.

JONES.

That beautiful and fascinating young creature, Adeline Van Ness, had disappeared from home. She had vanished mysteriously, and not only her family, but the city authorities were searching for her. I myself had aided them to the best of my ability, and not without a personal interest in the matter, for I had been a warm admirer of hers. I had, indeed, desired to marry her, and had not been quite sure that she would refuse me, although I was not so certain that she would accept me that I had quite ventured to come to the point.

Now she was gone, and there was every reason to believe that she had met with some terrible fate.

Privately, I suspected Jones of being at the bottom of the mystery. He had been furiously jealous of me, I knew, and he had shaken his fist at me, and told me I should see that he would not "submit to this sort of thing," one evening. "This sort of thing," was being out with Adeline, as I knew.

But one does not like to make a grave accusation on the strength of a suspicion, and though something seemed to whisper, "Jones, Jones, Jones," to me, I said nothing about it.

I went home to my boarding-house after having a long and heart-rending interview with the distracted parents of Adeline, in a very anxious state of mind.

Adeline's mamma had spoken to me as to one who might perhaps have been her son-in-law. Her papa had shaken me by the hand and said: "Wiggins, what should we have done without you!" I had been flying wildly about the city all day, and had been interviewed by four reporters, and I felt as though I really had not known how far things had gone between myself and Adeline, as though I had been her engaged lover in reality. As I opened the door with my latch-key some one bounced out of the back parlor, which was used as a dining room, and I saw that it was Mrs. Smith, my landlady.

"Oh, I'm very glad you've come, Mr. Wiggins," said she. "There's a box for you. It's in the kitchen, and the sooner you attend to it the better."

"Let Nora bring it up stairs to my room," said I, wearily.

"It's too large for Nora or any one else to bring," said Mrs. Smith; "and indeed, it's not the sort of box you'd like in your bedroom. It's as big as a coffin, Mr. Wiggins."

As she uttered this hideous description I shuddered all over.

"What is it? Where did it come from?" I asked.

"It's a box directed to Mr. Wiggins at this house," said Mrs. Smith. "And, Mr. Wiggins, excuse me for mentioning it, but the way it smells is dreadful."

Again I shuddered as I followed Mrs. Smith down stairs, and entering the laundry, saw in the middle of the floor a long, straight box of common deal, marked with my name in red print.

Long nails fastened the cover down, and as I approached I perceived a terrible odor.

"Gracious heavens, Mrs. Smith," I cried. "You are right. It does look like a coffin!"

"What I've been saying all day," said Nora.

"Lord between us and harm!" cried the cook.

"Bring me the hatchet," said I. "I'll open it at once."

Nora handed me the hatchet, and I pried up one of the boards which formed the cover. It came up with a crack, and a long splinter down the side, and dropped upon the floor, and then the hatchet dropped from my hand, for I saw within some thing white and ghastly wrapped in blood-stained sheet or shroud.

"One of those murdered people that they send in boxes," said Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed the cook.

Nora fainted; I staggered to a chair; the other boarders rushed en masse downstairs into the kitchen; and all came simultaneously to the same opinion.

There were screams and spasms and wild ejaculations, and some one brought me a glass of water.

I needed it.

"I am ashamed to show such weakness," I said, "but this is really very terrible to me—a young lady in whom I felt an uncommon interest has mysteriously disappeared; I—I greatly fear—"

"Of course it's her body—poor dear!" cried Mrs. Smith.

"Send for a doctor! Call the police! Oh! who do you suppose did it, Mr. Wiggins?"

I had it on my lips to say "Jones," but I refrained. I felt as sure that Adeline's murdered form lay within the box as if I had seen it already, and I was really too ill to go for any one, or do anything. However, the energetic boarder, Bloggs, was already off to the nearest station with the news that a murdered woman had been sent in a box to Mr. Wiggins, at Mrs. Smith's, and while giving the account, Adeline's distracted father had entered the station house to inquire if there had been any news, and he returned with the policemen. A crowd of curious citizens had assembled about the door; all the ladies were in hysterics.

The dear old gentleman grasped my hand and burst into tears, and told me that he needed to see no more; and the servants of the law went solemnly to work to remove the rest of the cover.

"She's cut up in pieces," said one of them.

"The ladies had better retire."

Those who remained in the room fled with shrieks.

The two policemen lifted the package in the bloody cloth from the box, and laid it on the floor.

The awful moment had come. I staggered forward, and saw two hind-quarters of venison!

It had evidently been some time on the road, and was less fresh than it might have been, and there, on the floor, lay a little note which had fallen from the box as it was opened.

In a few minutes I was able to open and read it.

It was from a friend who was enjoying the wild sports of the west, and who had promised me the first buck he shot, though

I had forgotten all about it, and who, in fulfilling his promise, had caused all this excitement.

As for Adeline, we heard of her next week. She had gone off to marry Jones, who sent an apology and word that they were coming home at once.

They did, and since that day Jones has done nothing but sit at the paternal fire-side and smoke cigars; and though he has not, to my knowledge, murdered any one, I feel quite sure that he is capable of doing so.—N. Y. News.

About Dogs and Monkeys.

The monkey is generally supposed most nearly to resemble man, but there are points in which the dog comes closer to us. For example, restlessness of mind. A dog requires excitement, and has a craving for the interest of outward objects. Feed him well, and shut him up alone in an apartment, and he will suffer under ennui like a fine gentleman, and become troubled and uneasy for want of occupation and amusement. If the window be left open, he will find resource in looking out of it, and will divert himself with the passing scene, and take a lively concern in the doings of the other dogs in the street. This is a pleasure which we trace in no other animals, and it is not, indeed, observable in all dogs. Newfoundlanders appear peculiarly prone to it. They are eminently social. We shall never forget a Newfoundland dog belonging to a provision dealer, with whom we had a street acquaintance. It was his business to go about in the wagon, as a protector of the good things therein, and as he rode along the streets, most manifest and most lively was the interest he took in the moving scene. No duchess in the land ever lounged in her carriage with a more luxurious or a more graceful air than our friend exhibited in the wagon. His favorite attitude was lying with his fore-paws dangling over the front, and his great head lolled on them. Any long stoppage, we remarked, made him uneasy; and he displayed his pleasure when his carriage was again in motion, by dancing from side to side like a parrot on its perch, and uttering a quick bark of satisfaction.

The curiosity of dogs is another quality which they have in common with our kind. No matter how fatigued a dog may be, if he is taken into a strange apartment, he will not lie down to rest until he has taken a survey of the room and smelt of every article in it. Dogs, as we have before attempted to prove, are rogues and cheats like men, and they are also murderers, with a consciousness of their criminality. In packs of hounds it is not very uncommon to find a dog killed by his comrades, and we once heard a fox-hunter describe his visit to a kennel after one of these assassinations. Half a dozen of the long-eared bow-wows were squatting on their haunches in one corner with particularly grave faces, which meant to speak an innocence that was unlooked for by the spots of blood on their coats. While he was examining the body of the deceased, they kept yawning and licking their chops with their long red tongues as if they had no manner of concern in what was going on; but it was evident that they were by no means easy in their minds. The dogs which bore no marks of the fray, and which were presumed to be innocent, moved about as usual with quite a different air.

Southey once wrote an elaborate article, showing how dogs symbolized, displaying the reasoning faculty of human beings. Among other illustrations he gave was that of a dog who loses sight of his master, and follows by scent till the road branches into three; he smells at the first, and at the second, and then, without smelling farther, gallops along the third.

In roguery, the monkey resembles the human species more closely than the dog. Let any one visit the monkeys in a menagerie at feeding time, and he might imagine himself at the Stock Exchange of New York, so universal and unprofitable is their system of overreaching. Outside the bars of each monkey's cage, and in the very center, is a pan which is filled with his appointed mess, and it comes to pass that no monkey eats his own supper. Each endeavors to rob his neighbor; and in the attempt, leaving his own unguarded, he is himself robbed by his neighbor. As in committing the theft they are obliged to stretch out their arms to the full extent, and with an awkward inclination, half the spoil is split by the way, and the whole simal society consequently loses half its meal by its roguery. The speculative man is not more foolish. The cunning strokes of trade are not more impolitic.—American Cultivator.

Manitoba Weather.

In a recent issue of *Little's Living Age* we find an interesting letter from an Englishwoman now living in Manitoba some 60 miles from Winnipeg, which is itself 65 miles north of the north termination of the boundary line between Minnesota and Dakota. The climate in that region is certainly worth describing, for this is what she says of it:

I have seen the thermometer stand at 125 deg. inside a tent in summer, and at 53 deg. below zero, or 90 deg. below freezing point, outside the house in winter. Such Arctic cold would be unendurable if the air were not so wonderfully dry and clear—and often very still—that it does not seem half as cold as it really is. I may mention one curious instance of this; though I always suffered terribly from chills in the old country, I have never felt the least symptoms of one in Manitoba.

Perhaps a few homely details may best serve to illustrate what winter in Manitoba means. The snow outside our house was from six to ten feet deep, from November to April. Travelling on wheels is of course, out of the question, and we always used a sleigh. The snow gets hard and smooth along the trails, and even if, as sometimes happens, the horse sinks, and you upset, still a clean snowdrift is better than mud to fall on. I tried to wear boots last November, and one of my feet froze. Moccasins, made by Indians of moose skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. For travelling

on foot snow-shoes are best. These, too, are of Indian make. They are generally flat frames of thin wood—from two to six feet long—pointed in front and rear, and filled up with inter-laced deer-skin. The moccasined foot of the wearer is tied on in the middle of the snow-shoe, and after a little practice it is easy, so equipped, to walk five miles an hour across the snow. There is a snow-shoeing club in Winnipeg, where the art is taught and practiced. Mits supersede gloves during the winter, as if the fingers are separated they generally freeze.

We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold was so intense, that when melted snow water was poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice on it frequently had to be broken with a stick before the cattle could drink; it froze so hard whilst being carried a distance of some sixty yards in the open air. My husband would sometimes come in from a short visit to the stockyard with his nose frozen; indeed, it is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble, and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is best not to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing them selves with snow, or better still, with paraffin oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. Last year a man living about thirty miles from us was told that his ear was frozen; he put up his hand to feel, and the ear dropped off in his hand. Limbs sometimes have to be amputated from severe frost-bites. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost its ears in the same way.

I was surprised when I first found the mustard freeze in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stove pipe, and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze if left for half an hour in a room without a fire. I once left a pitcher full of milk in the kitchen all night, and next morning, on trying to move it, the pitcher fell to pieces, and left the milk standing solid in its place. We could buy frozen milk by the pound, frozen so intensely that when I put a lump of it in a tin into the oven, or on the top of the stove, the first part that melted would burn to the tin before the rest of it had thawed. I managed to melt it by first chopping the ice milk into very small pieces: Clothes which had been washed freeze before I could hang them on the line to dry. I used to leave them out two or three nights for the snow and frost to bleach, and they always needed thawing and drying again when they were brought indoors. Even after being dampened and folded they would freeze together; and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket handkerchief, the lower part would freeze on to the table, which was close by a roaring wood-fire. Ironing under these conditions is rather slow work.

Figures Will Not Lie.

but they may impel a man to bloodshed. I have traveled thousands and thousands of miles on railroads in general, and the Michigan Central in particular, but he never fastened upon me until last week. I had left Chicago on the Fast New York Express, and dined sumptuously in the swiftly moving caravansary. I enjoy the good things of this life, and took much pleasure in the well appointed meal the sable servant brought me, letting the cares of business slip away as the pleasant landscape sped by, toying with the entrees that followed the roast, dallying with the desert, and leisurely sipping my wine. A fragrant cigar from the dining-car's well-stocked coffers lulled my soul into the most placid contentment, and after a sound sleep in the palatial sleeper, I rose refreshed to the enjoyment of the most glorious scene of all the world, Niagara. As the long train swept swiftly around the curve down to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall, the thunders of the cataract seemed to shake the earth, and the grand picture burst suddenly upon my enraptured gaze. From the right came tumbling and foaming the great torrent of emerald waters taking their plunge into the abyss at my very feet. Beyond was the great white wall of the American Fall, below the boiling caldron; above the great cloud of spray rose, tinted by the sun as the smoke that overhangs the battle-field. Filled with the unexampled grandeur and rapture of the scene, I involuntarily exclaimed, "What a mad, wild waste of roaring waters!"

"A waste, indeed," said a thin voice beside me. "Think of the horse-power contained in the ninety million tons that hourly pour over that precipice, 150 feet high and 3,100 feet in length." And he solved the arithmetical problem at once, and proceeded to give me another view of his bright eyes twinkled behind his glasses. Now, I'm not fond of figures outside of my business, and I endeavored to turn my mind to the beauty and grand picturesqueness of the scene. But in vain. He had calculated the pecuniary annual value of Niagara's lost water-power, and to my horror had fished a note-book from his pocket as we rolled onto the Cantilever Bridge, and caught another view of the great cataract up the gorge. Now I admire this wonderful steel structure for its strength and beauty and the mechanical genius involved in its perfect construction. It is a double-track bridge and as safe, I suppose, as any in the world, but I shuddered as the fiend at the elbow told me its dimensions, height, cost, and numerous other figures. And when he began to tell me of the 35,000 years of the retrocession of the falls to their present situation, and the 10,000 more years required to drain Lake Erie and make Buffalo an inland town, as we were gliding by the rapids' brink and looking down upon either side of Goat Island, the homicidal instinct, was too strong and I cast him forth into the swift waters. True to his scientific training, he turned upon his back as he rose to the surface, and floated calmly to his fate,

watch in hand, to note accurately the speed of the current. He is gone, but remorse is not mine. The statistical data is excoriated from the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."

Hints in Scouring and Bleaching.
By adding two parts of cream of tartar to one part of oxalic acid ground fine and kept dry in a bottle, you will find, by applying a little of the powder to rust stains while the article is wet, that the result is much quicker and better. Wash out in clear warm water, to prevent injury to the goods.

Cold rain water and soap will save out machine grease, where other means would not be advisable on account of colors running, etc.

LOVE ON A YACHT.

I loved her with a love that made
The heat at ninety in the shade
Seem cool beside it;
I blushed when I heard her name,
And she, observant of my flame,
Did not blanch it.

But, on one most unlucky day,
We both of us were asked to stay
On board the Lily;
I knew 'twas rash of me, but then
When they're in love, the wisest men
Are often silly.

We dined, we danced on moonlit nights;
And when it came to see the sights,
I do not row, so
I sat within the stern, and there,
I felt, despite the fresh sea air,
Extremely "so-so."

On board the yacht, too, I felt dead,
And vainly racked my burning head
For conversation;
The while a rival stout and strong
Would hover round her all day long
In a crozier.

One cannot converse or shine
When feeling far too ill to dine.
The yacht's gay music
Made me more ill, and he
My rival, loved the sea,
The horrid ocean.

I knew she could not love a man
Who, when he went to sea, began
To look so yellow;
And so he calmly went and won,
While I was outcast and undone—
Unhappy fellow!

—From Punch.

FRANCE A LARGE GARDEN.

The Thrift of the Native Farmer Who is
Miserable If He But Knew It.

France is literally a large garden. Every inch of soil is cultivated. In riding from Paris to Dijon, 150 miles, we counted only 30 cuttings. We saw no sheep or hogs. The farms have usually from one to 10 acres. Some farms have half an acre, and some have as many as 20 acres. They are usually from 300 to 300 feet wide and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet long. There are no fences between them.

When I asked a French farmer how his farm happened, like all the rest, to be so long and narrow, he said:

"It has been divided up so often. When a French farmer dies, he divides his farm, and each one of his children has an equal share. He always divides it lengthwise, so as to give each one a long strip. The long strips are easily cultivated, because they plow lengthwise. These strips always run north and south, so that the sun can shine into the rows."

"How large is your farm?" I asked.
"My father's farm was 300 feet wide and 2,000 feet long. When he died my brother had half. Now my farm is 150 feet wide and 2,000 feet long. It is quite a large farm. There are many farms much smaller than mine."

"Can you support your family on a farm 150 feet wide and 2,000 feet long?" I asked; for the narrow strip seemed like a man's dooryard in America.
"Support my family?" he exclaimed. "Why, the farm is too large for us. I rent part of it out now."

"But your house," I said, "where is that?"
"Oh, that is in town. Five families of us live in one house there. My wife and I come out every morning to work and go in at night."

"Does your wife always work in the field?"

"Yes. My wife," he continued, pointing to a barefooted and bare-headed woman, at least six feet around the waist. "She can do more work than I can. She plucks the hay to me on the stack. All French women work in the field. Why not? They have nothing to do at home."

This is true. The wife of a French, English, Irish or German farmer has nothing to do at home. They do not "keep house" like the wives of American farmers. They have no houses to keep. The huts they live in are like stables. They live in the same building with their horses, hens and pigs. They never wash a floor. There is never a tablecloth. They live like brutes. The handsome farmhouse of itself, surrounded by trees and gardens, does not exist in France.

There are millions of farms in France containing from a quarter of an acre to four acres. I find that an acre and a half is about the most ambitious man wants. The rent for land is always one-half the crop. The land is worth about \$400 an acre, or, if in grape vines, \$600.

This is why France is like a garden. In England there are 227,000 landowners; in France there are 7,000,000 landowners. The Frenchman on his two acres, with a sickle by his side, is happy and contented, because he knows no better. Such a degrading life would drive an American farmer mad. The Frenchman thrives because he spends nothing. He has no wants beyond the coarsest food and the washings of the grape skins after the wine is made. Yes, he is thrifty. He saves money too. The aggregated wealth of 30,000,000 poor, degraded, barefooted peasants makes France rich. The ignorance of the French farmer is appalling. I never saw a newspaper in a French farm village. Their wants are no more than the wants of a horse. The Frenchman eats the coarsest food; about the same as he feeds his horse. He will eat coarse bread and wine for breakfast; soup, bread and wine for dinner, and perhaps bread and milk for supper; he does not know what coffee or tea is. The negroes of the south live like kings compared to a French farmer. Still, the Frenchman is satisfied because he knows no better.

When I asked a French farmer who was cultivating his farm (150x1,500) if he saved any money, he said:

"Oh, not much. I go to all the fetes. I laid by 500 francs (\$100) last year. I put it in the Caisse d'Epargne."

"What is that?" I asked of the landlord.

"That is the government savings bank. The government takes the money of the poor, up to 1,000 francs, and gives them 2 per cent for its use. The peasants farmers of France have nearly \$800,000,000 on deposit in these savings bank. These poor, degraded, half-fed farmers keep the French treasury full of money."

—New York Sun.

A Promiscuous Encounter.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, glancing nervously out of the window and then timidly at her husband, "my dear, I wonder how that goat got into our yard?"

"What goat?" asked Mr. Spoonpendyke, looking up from his breakfast.

"Why, the goat that's out there."

"Oh!" grunted Mr. Spoonpendyke, approaching the window. "You mean that one, do you? The principles that generally regulate your conversation betrayed me into thinking that your mind might be fixed on some other goat. As for him, I suppose he broke through the fence from the back lot—or," continued Mr. Spoonpendyke, hastily correcting himself, "perhaps he came to call on you. Better ask him."

"I'm afraid of him," peeped Mrs. Spoonpendyke, drawing closer to her husband. "What do you think we had better do?" If he stays out there he'll eat up everything."

"I believe I'll go and drive him out," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, eyeing the brute with no particular amount of favor. "You come along to head him off, and you'll soon see a goat begin to wish he had been born a girl that some one might learn to love him." And with this prognostication Mr. Spoonpendyke sallied forth, followed by his wife.

"Be careful," she whispered. "When goats get angry, they butt, and that hurts."

"Shoo!" commenced Mr. Spoonpendyke, waving his hands and following the goat to a hole in the fence, where a couple of boards had been knocked out. "Shoo there, now! Shoo! Hold on! Head him, can't you? Turn him! Whoop!" he roared, as the goat whirled suddenly and dashed to the other end of the yard. "What'd he come out here for?" he demanded of his wife, who had made a little better time than the goat, and had reached the top of a step-ladder.

"Don't let him come up here!" she squealed, stamping her feet on the top step, and trying to climb up the side of the house. "Hold on to him and call a policeman!"

"Great scheme!" growled Mr. Spoonpendyke, looking around for a stick. "But I haven't made up my mind whether to call the policeman, or do the holding on first. What're you making stucco work of your self up there for? Come down, and get behind the goat, will you, while I teach him the ways and admonitions of Spoonpendyke. If you ain't mighty careful, he'll rub up against that step ladder, and you're liable to come down in sections!"

This prophesy brought Mrs. Spoonpendyke to the ground without much delay.

"Say, dear," she suggested, "suppose you should go to the other side of the hole, and call him. Don't you think he'd come?"

"Come in a minute, if I happened to hit his right name," retorted Mr. Spoonpendyke, who had found a stick, and was preparing for war. "Now, you edge around behind him, so as to give him a starter, and I'll put myself in communication with him as soon as he gets under way."

"Go along, dear. Run through that pretty little hole in the fence like a good goat," faltered Mrs. Spoonpendyke, apostrophizing the animal in a purely feminine fashion. "Shoo, dear, now, and be real nice."

The goat looked at her, thereby freezing her blood, and started slowly for the bottom of the yard.

"Yes, love!" ripped Mr. Spoonpendyke, bringing his stick down on the back of the beast with a vindictive grin. "There's a nice little opening for goats that's waiting for thee!" and down came the stick once more.

"Whe-e-e!" squealed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as the goat whirled around like a turn-table, and faced all points of the compass at once. "He must be looking for the place to get out, isn't he? What do you suppose makes him act this way?"

"The last yell was extracted by a sudden straightening up of the goat, who tore around the yard like a cat in a fit."

"With that headway on, he'll be apt to go through the hole in the fence if he ever hits it," observed Mr. Spoonpendyke, who had joined his wife in the middle of the circuit rather precipitously. "I think I must have struck him a little harder than he meant to have me. Now, you get behind him again, and we'll fix him so that the next time he sees a hole in our fence he'll get a hammer and board up the temptation."

Mrs. Spoonpendyke eeked along the fence, and took her station with considerable perturbation. The goat came down to a trot, and finally stopped and looked a trifle bewildered. Mr. Spoonpendyke grasped his stick with a firmer grip, and, aggressively speaking, waited for his wife to deliver the ball.

"Now start him," said he.

Mrs. Spoonpendyke waved her apron, and the goat aiming straight at the hole in the fence bore down upon it with three hundred goat power. Mr. Spoonpendyke aimed a lick at him, missed him, and went tumultuously through the hole as the goat struck the fence and bounded back.

"Great gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoonpendyke, swarming up the step-ladder and squatting on the top. "Are you hurt, dear?"

"Hurt!" howled Mr. Spoonpendyke, peeping through the hole and contemplating his wife with a savage glare.

"Think I'm a nail, to come through a board fence and be clinched without feeling it? Can't you scarce that goat away from this hole so I can come back and commune with him once more? Come down off that dog-dashed step-ladder, can't you? Got a notion that measly goat is coming up there to be scared? Come down and throw a brick at him, will you?"

"I haven't got a brick," murmured Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as she scuttled down the ladder, "but I'll get a flat iron," and having provided herself with a weapon the use of which she understood, she sallied forth to effect an exchange of situation between the goat and her husband.

"Now go long!" she exclaimed, sternly, holding out her war material at arm's length. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you nasty goat! Ow-w-w! Look out, dear!"

But Mr. Spoonpendyke, constant to his want of faith in his wife's suggestions, incautiously looked in, and he and the goat rolled over each other in the vacant lot.

"Did the whole business work in accordance with the schedule?" he yelled, as he picked himself up and fired the remnant of his stick at the flying foe. "Did the whole measly goat get through, or is there more to follow? Don't omit a stanza in this refreshing scene of worship! Let's have the whole hymn!" and Mr. Spoonpendyke presented himself at the opening in the fence, with mud streaked face and tattered habiliments.

"Come in, dear," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, soothingly. "Come in, now. He's gone."

"I know he's gone!" howled Mr. Spoonpendyke, crawling through the hole. "I saw him when he went! Oh, you started him! When he saw that vigorous mat of yours backed up by a dog dashed flat iron, all he could do was to go! Another time you see me scaring a goat out of the yard, you let things alone, will you?" and Mr. Spoonpendyke hobbled into the house to change his clothes.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoonpendyke, dragging a barrel against the hole as protection against further incursions. "I don't care. The way he was chopping at that goat with his stick he wouldn't have got him out in a month. You want to treat a goat like a crease, and iron it out, or," she continued, referring to some serious experience, "if you want to make sure of having it go out, you might hire it as a servant girl."

And with these luminous reflections Mrs. Spoonpendyke tore her skirt on a nail in the barrel and joined her husband with a hundred consolatory caresses.

A Minnesota Hen.

He came into the office and said that he liked the paper and wanted to help it. He was a granger living about seventeen miles out on the Manitoba Road. "It's one of my hens I want to tell you about," he said. "It's her intelligence. She knows more than a horse. That hen is really religious, and I can prove it, and I will tell you how. She's a plain, ordinary, every-day domestic hen and very regular in her habits, but a few weeks ago she stopped laying. My wife was a good deal troubled about it, thought maybe the domestic wasn't well, or something of that sort; but it turned out it wasn't anything of the kind. We'd been talking a good deal about a Baptist preacher who was going to make us a visit, and I suppose the hen heard us. Well, the preacher came, and that afternoon my wife heard a great cackling in the barn, and went out. What'd you suppose she found? Why, that hen had just laid a dozen eggs! She'd been holding back, you see, so that the eggs would all be fresh. She only does this, though, for that one preacher. She's a Baptist herself, and it's only when the Baptist preacher comes that she's so thoughtful. It's the curious thing I ever saw." And then the granger went away.

He looked like a truthful man, but what he related hardly seems possible. Both Huxley and Tennyson agree that the most ordinary domestic hen can lay in a single day is seven.—St. Paul Day.

Beecher on Evolution.

"The horse, like man, has come to perfection through the processes of evolution. We have in Professor Marsh's splendid collection of the remains of the ancient horse, in Yale College Museum, the bones of this interesting animal dating back 50,000 years. Here we find the frame of an animal no bigger than a fox, and with five toes, but undoubtedly a horse. Next we have him as big as a calf, then with three toes, and finally with the frame of the domestic animal of to-day. There can be no doubt that the horse of the pre-historic period had five toes and a wide spreading foot to enable him to walk on the marshy ground of that period. Then as the marshes gave place to firm ground the back toes, from lack of use and consequent lack of nourishment, shrunk away and became joined under the knee of the horse, where anatomists are puzzled to find a use of them. They are now called the splint bone and work nothing but mischief when they do anything at all. As the habits of the animal changed, all but one of the toes were lost, and the horse of to-day was produced."

"From your conversation I would gather that you are a believer in the Darwinian theory of evolution?"

"I am, implicitly, up to a certain point. That is, I believe that all animal life has evolved from the lowest form, but I do not accept agnosticism with my evolution. I believe that evolution is the unfolding of God's mighty plan, which for ages has been preparing for the grand present."

"Do you believe that man has arrived at the summit of this scale of evolution?"

"I have not yet made up my mind about that. I do not think that there is anything in man that indicates that he is liable to become physically more nearly perfect, although he is advancing mentally, no doubt."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Head First in a Sleeper.

"Now I tell you," said he, "why you should go head first in a sleeper. The collision part, as I tell you, don't count. Now you see when you lie feet to the engine and the front door open at stations through the night, the draft strikes your head, but with head forward the partition boards between the sections break the draft. See? You don't catch cold."

"And then again, with heels first the motion of the cars all night draws your blood toward the head, and you can't sleep because of the unpleasant fullness in your head, and in the winter your feet are cold because the blood is scooped away from the feet by the forward motion of the train. See? Now with your head first the blood is drawn to the feet, the head has no pressure, and in winter the blood being pushed to the feet keeps them warm. See?"

The layman heard, had his berth made up heart first, tried it himself, and if he didn't "see" he felt the advantage that had been learned by the railroad man in years of night travel.—Interview in the Abolitionist.

Paper Bottles.

Paper bottles are now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper must be well sized. The following is said to be a good recipe for the paper: Ten parts of rags, forty of straw, fifty of brown wood pulp. The paper is impregnated or coated on both sides with sixty parts of delaminated fresh blood, thirty-five parts of lime powder, five parts of sulphate of alumina. After drying, ten or twelve rolled leaves are coated again, placed over each other, and then placed in heated molds. The albumen in the blood forms a combination on pressure with the lime which is perfectly proof against spirits, etc. The bottles are made in two parts, which are joined afterward.—Philadelphia Record.

VARIETIES.

"I HAVEN'T got a cent," said a well-dressed man to a bartender at a leading hotel, "but myself and companion would like to have a drink."

"No money, no drink," replied the bartender.

"How'll this do?" inquired the man, as he exhibited a fine silk umbrella. "I'll put it up for the drinks."

The bartender thinking it was a good opportunity to get a cheap umbrella, consented and set out the bottle. Each man indulged in three fingers and was about to depart.

"Well," said the bartender, "how about the umbrella?"

"Oh, yes," remarked the man, "I almost forgot. I promised to put it up for the drinks and I'll do it."

Acting as usual upon his utterance, he caught hold of the handle of the rain-protector, but instead of handing it over to the bartender, as that gentleman expected, he simply pressed the spring and raised the umbrella.

"There!" he ejaculated. "I promised to put up the umbrella. It's done. Good-day, the young fellow and his companion left before the dispenser of fluids had fully recovered from the effect of the trick played upon him for the drinks."

CORONEL W., a well-known politician of Virginia, with a slight lisp in his speech, won much favor by his affable manners, and the fact that the people generally liked him had more than once secured his election when he ran for office. He usually spoke to everybody he met, professing to know them.

Once, during a Presidential campaign, he met a countryman, whom he shook by the hand and began:

"Why, how do you do, thir? I am very glad to see you. A fine day, thir? I thee you thir till your fine old gray, thir?"

"No, sir; this horse is one I borrowed this morning."

"Oh! Ah! Well, thir, how are the old gentleman and lady?"

"My parents have been dead three years, sir."

"Ah! but how thir your wife, thir—and the children?"

"I am an unmarried man, sir."

"Thir enough! Do you thir live on the old farm?"

"No, sir; I have just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."

"Well, thir, I guth I don't know you, after all. Good-day, thir."

A RESIDENT of the West End recently employed a colored gentleman to clear the winter accumulation of ashes from his cellar, and the job being well done he summoned the Senegambian to his presence, commended his work, and intimated the possibility of further employment.

"Glad to take 'yer order, sah!" said the ash-bearer with a satisfied grin.

"And what is your name?" asked the employer.

"George Washington," was the complacent reply.

"George Washington, George Washington," pondered the inquirer quizzically; "seems to me I have heard the name before."

The darkey's eyes rolled and the ivories glistened as he delivered the following crushing answer:

"Golly, 'boss, think you order heard of it befo? I 'se been hollerin' ashes round 'ere dese ten years!"

FOREIGNER (at fashionable American watering place).—"I cannot see why such plain, humble-looking people as some of those you have here, should be willing to come to a gay place like this, or able to pay the enormous prices you charge. I should think that farmers would want to save their money to buy plows and hoes and such things."

Hotel Clerk—"I do not notice any such people here as you describe."

"Why, look at that old gentleman over there. Belongs in some small village, don't he?—a mere nobody, evidently."

"That is a very eminent member of the Cabinet."

"Bless my stars! Well, who is that distinguished looking personage in a dress suit, looking out the window?"

"That is the head waiter."

A PRACTICAL joker traveling in Canada recently devised the following scheme for defrauding the guileless rustic:

Entering a little farm house with a large piece of bread in his hand, he called for a platter of milk. It was quickly brought, and into it he placed the bread the length of course by force of capillary attraction speedily absorbing the milk.

"How much do you want for your milk?" he then asked.

"Three cents, sir."

"What?" he said, as if greatly astonished, "three cents for a platter of milk?"

"It's the market price, sir," returned the rustic mildly.

"Outrageous!" he replied. "I won't pay it. I'll take back my bread," and placing the latter in his handkerchief he went his way, leaving the astonished rustic scratching his head and gazing absently at the empty platter.

He was telling 'em in the village store that his son in Chicago had failed, and when they asked for particulars he explained:

"Why, he writes me that he bought for July delivery and got left."

"How left?"

"I dunno, but I guess he couldn't deliver it. Mebbe teams were awful skeered, and mebbe the roads was bad."

"Well," said one of the crowd, as he brought his hand down on the counter, "if I had known that your son Bill was fixed to deliver wheat I'd have got him the use of my team a whole fortnight for nothin', for Bill was one of the best boys who ever left this town."

"And me, too!" added every man in the crowd, while the old man observed:

"It will probably be a warning to William, and maybe he will set in and buy watermelons for January delivery and git on his feet again."

JINKS—"Why, my dear boy, what is the matter? I thought you were to be married soon, and yet you look very down-hearted."

"Finks—"Do I really?"

"Indeed you do. I hope your prospective bride has not cast you off."

"Oh, no."

"Then what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I am a little nervous, that's all."

"What about?"

"Yesterday Matilda and I went out shopping to get all sorts of furniture and things for our new house."

"A joyful errand, surely."

"Yes, but I can't help feeling upset by her first selection. If it had been the last it would have been all right; but the first—the very first."

"You are speaking in riddles. What did she buy first?"

"A rolling-pin."

HE HAD NEVER MADE A STUDY OF IT.

They were standing at the front gate.
"How bright the moon is to-night, George, dear!" she said.

"Yes," replied George, "it is a perfect evening."

"Do you put any faith in Mr. Wiggins' alleged discovery of another moon—a dark moon?" she asked.

"Well, I hardly know what to think about the matter. Such a discovery may be possible. But I don't know. In fact," he continued frankly, "when I was at college I never paid any attention to botany."

CHAFF.

He would be hard-hearted indeed who would kick a poor Indian.

It is now fashionable to speak of the night robe as a nap sack.

Why is it profitable to keep poultry? For every grain they give a peck.

It is hard to account for all the recent elopements. This is not the fly season.

A young man who fell in love with a fleshly girl, confessed that he was infatuated.

What lovers swear—to be true until death. What husbands swear—until for publication.

It is commendable in a man to attempt to reach old age, but highly improper for him to try to over-reach it.

A clerk in one of the Washington departments does all his work with a pencil. He is a regular government pen-shunner.

Employment is the great boon of life; a man with nothing to do is not half so interesting as a sight as a ripening turnip.

Black undressed kids have come into style again. We believe this fashion has never gone out of style in some parts of Africa.

Smith smoked a cigar, and somebody said it put him into the redoubt. And now Fenderson wants to know if this means "sick as a horse."

A sign in town reads: "Neutral Boot and Shoe Store." A neutral boot, as we construe it, is one that doesn't "run down" either side.

"I'm not a free trader," said a Pittsburgh father, as he led his son out of the pantry by the ear. "I'm an opposer to such attacks on sugar."

I'm not friend to young fellows a-marrying afore they know the difference between a crab an' a apple; but they may wait 'er long.—George Ritz.

A drinking man, upon reading in a novel that the heroine's beautiful face "colored with pleasure," said: "Now, I know what the matter with my nose."

The Philadelphia Call says the unpleasant word divorced is not used nowadays. Detached is the proper term. "Then we suppose a grass widow is a semi-detached woman."

A Crank Arrested! Is the way an exchange speaks of the heartless rascality of some small boys, who stuffed an Italian's hand-organ so full of stones that it wouldn't grind.

A young lady in St. Louis recently doused a young man with a pailful of water while he was down on his knees begging her to be his bride. It is always the custom, we believe, in some parts of the West to wet a new suit.

"What branches do you find most useful in the education of your pupils?" asked a visitor of a country school master. She said the grammar to the other side of her mouth and pointed significantly to a birch which grew near the window.

Scientists now boldly declare that this earth was peopled 50,000 years before Adam was born. We are not prepared to dispute this assertion in the least. We have always wondered how mankind could learn so much deviltry in only 6,000 years.

Not long ago a lady who had just returned from Europe was asked by a friend if she had seen the lion of St. Mark. "Oh, yes," she replied, "we arrived just in time to see the noble creature feed." The late Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, has been encountered the same lady. He spoke of the beauty of the Dardanelles, and she replied: "Oh, yes, I know them well. They are intimate friends of mine."

A little school girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class, to which this little bit of promise belonged: "What is a zone?" After some hesitation this girl brightened up and replied: "I know! It's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist!"

Ayer's Pills are effective in a wide range of diseases which arise from disorders of the stomach and digestive organs

